Jacques Riviere gives every week at the Gallimards* on French literature. He was to speak that evening on Rabelais and had asked me to read some passages for him. To tell the truth, I wanted to give the reading and had arranged it so that Jacques would ask it of me; petty pretense that I don't believe took anybody in; everything went off very well, however; but I had the embarrassment of thinking that Riviere would have read better than I; of feeling that the others thought so too and considered my intrusion into their group rather indiscreet, as it indubitably was. I became clearly aware of this as soon as I entered the drawing-room, and the feeling of my indiscretion deprived me of all assurance: I read miserably, almost dolefully, modestly, with an air of excusing myself, a text that on the contrary called for cynicism and bravura. Well, it's my fault!

Such little mortifications and blows to my vanity are very good lessons.

Took Gheon to dinner. He drags me off to spend the evening at the Theatre des Arts, where the first performance of *Mrs. Warrens Profession* [12] is being given. I arrived bristling, predisposed against it by the author's unbearable immodesty. And the first scenes were worse than I expected; you cannot imagine anything harsher, drier, or more abstract. But during the second act I let myself be captivated without thinking of resisting (it is only fair to say that the actress who played Mrs. Warren was excellent). I recovered myself toward the end of the third act. It is annoying that the fourth should be so bad. What a grimacing art and what creaking thoughts!

Unable to go to sleep before dawn.

Friday morning I felt obliged to hurry to Jean Schlumberger's to give him a manuscript by Alibert, hoping that I could satisfy the latter's request still to get into the next number. Not having found Jean, I hastened after Copeau, for whom I had waited in vain at

the Occident last Tuesday. Then, not having found Copeau, I went and rang at Paul Laurens's studio; he had a model posing and could receive me for only a moment. Returned to Auteuil having lost the whole morning.

In the evening I took Em. to the first recital of Jean d'Udine's pupils. It would have been very good if it had not been so mortally long. Being the first to arrive, we were placed at the very back of the stage; cut off by twelve rows of audience and kept in place until the end; fearing constantly that Em. was going to feel ill; how I blamed myself for having taken her there!

(Very ingenious method of solfeggio, making every scale start with C.)

[12] The comedy by George Bernard Shaw.